

THE ARGUS

Founded in the year 1851.

Entered at the postoffice at Rock Island, Ill., as second class matter under the act of March 3, 1879.

THE J. W. POTTER CO., Publishers.

Rock Island Member Associated Press. Full Leased Wire Report.

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited herein. This paper and also the local news published herein.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation. Official Paper City of Rock Island.

New York Office—M. C. Watson, 236 Fifth Avenue Chicago Office—A. W. Allen, 1836 Peoples Gas Bldg.



WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1919.

The Jail Delivery.

There is no use crying over spilled milk unless the exhibition of emotion may, perchance, cause someone to take precautions so that the spilling is not repeated.

It is futile to point out that if the supervisors had listened to reason and showed a conciliatory spirit when the project was first undertaken we should have had a new county jail long ago and one that would have made wholesale deliveries of prisoners virtually impossible.

Likewise, it is useless to deplore the various other steps that have been taken which have kept the issue in the courts and probably will hold it in suspense for a number of months longer while the costs continue to pile up.

The only question that it is worth while to consider now is what are we going to do about it? Are we going to wait till the courts and the attorneys have exhausted themselves in wrestling with the legal aspects of the case before making a new start, or shall we busy ourselves at once so that the county may be safeguarded as soon as possible against such incidents as that of last night?

The supervisors know that there must be a new jail—if they didn't know it before, they do now. They know that it can't be built on the court house square. A new site must be found and perhaps new plans drawn. Probably the heating plant will be permitted to remain where it is, but that is immaterial anyway, because it should be a separate structure, or at least not an integral part of the jail building.

The county may go ahead experimenting with the law if it chooses, but at the time when the United States supreme court throw out the case for want of jurisdiction its rights, or the want of them, had been defined with sufficient clearness for all practical purposes.

It may be a good many years before there is another such aggregation of desperadoes in our county jail as there has been during the last few weeks—and it may not. It seems to be the settled policy of the state to keep a considerable number of paroled prisoners here. The community is growing and the proportion of the criminal class is not noticeably diminishing, even though the saloon has been eliminated. The need for a new jail probably will never be less urgent than it is now, and what happened last night shows strikingly how desperate that need is.

The question is, will the supervisors now quit fiddling around and take the bull resolutely by the horns, as they should have done some time ago?

Undelivered Soldiers' Mail.

Undelivered mail addressed to soldiers with the American expeditionary forces in France is now coming back in quantity from the dead letter office at Washington. Many parcels are being received in this locality, and much dissatisfaction is expressed regarding the manner in which the matter has been handled.

Probably there is a reasonably good excuse for most of the shortcomings of the war department in the distribution of mail if one could find out the truth. The trouble is that inquiries made in official circles have failed to throw much light on the situation. Apparently the facilities for furnishing information to the public are no better than those for supplying the doughboys with their postal matter.

Many soldiers were repeatedly transferred after they got to France for replacements or into new units. Of course it was difficult to keep track of them. Then many were lost sight of, so far as the records were concerned, while in the hospitals. A returned soldier, speaking

in Rock Island a few days ago, said the Americans lost 60,000 men in the first three days of their initial great offensive. It was a time of indescribable confusion and the medical department was worked to the limit of its endurance to give the most necessary service and probably the records were neglected. These are two possible explanations to account for delay in the mails.

It is hard to understand, however, why there have been so many cases in which the thread lost in a hospital or at some point where a transfer was made was not picked up later. The department might at least have taken a census of the various units after the armistice was signed and secured new records that would have made delivery in most cases possible, even if long delayed. That would have been better than giving it up and passing the job over to the dead letter office. The military authorities can scarcely plead too much business during the last two months to give the subject of soldiers' mail the attention it deserves.

Are Big Packers Indispensable?

Mr. Armour and the other big packers are quite sure that their establishments are absolutely necessary to the welfare of the country and that it would be a calamity to break up the industry into a larger number of small units.

It is not necessary to question the sincerity of these men. It is but natural that they should believe what they say. Nearly every really useful person exaggerates the importance of himself and his work and feels that nobody else can acceptably fill his place.

The big packers admittedly are most efficient and rendered a real service to Uncle Sam by the assistance they gave in solving the recent food problem. Nevertheless, the country at large should not be considered ungrateful if it declines to consider them as necessary as they themselves believe they are.

Personnel at Versailles.

The cosmopolitan character of the gathering at Versailles is a theme upon which correspondents discourse when they have nothing more to the point to write about. Representatives of every nation or race which considers itself capable of self-government and harbors aspirations in that direction are there, clad in their native habiliments and speaking their own language. The mere spectacle is one of unceasing interest.

It is a strikingly significant thing that only one of the men who were seated at the peace table at the opening session bore a title—Baron Sonnino of Italy. The great majority were of relatively humble birth, being living exponents of the spirit of democracy which is expected to animate the deliberations. These now assembled to mold the future of the world on new and broader lines almost without exception have come up from the people whom they now represent.

Mr. Wilson is not the only president at the peace conference. The head of the Swiss government has just dropped in to take a hand in the knitting.

Strangely enough China objects to having Japanese statesmen represent her at Versailles. The peace conference, it seems, is unable to do anything that will please anybody.

It is most unsportsmanlike of the Hapsburgs of Austria to refuse to pay their war loan subscriptions—or do you suppose they feel they didn't get a run for the money?

Manuel, former king of Portugal, refuses to become excited over the attempt of the royalists to restore the throne to him. To establish a monarchy nowadays you must first catch your king.

The August issue of the Illinois Health News, printed by the state, comes to hand wet from the press, telling us how to fight flies. Suppose next summer we'll be getting advice regarding treatment for frost bites.

Metropolitan newspapers played up Rock Island's jail delivery as prominently as they used to feature the capture of Dead Man's hill or the sinking of a convoy of ships. Those who consider any kind of advertising better than none at all will be pleased to note that we're getting it.

The next one is to be the "victory" Liberty loan. Like victory bread we'll probably eat it up, but not because we have any special relish for it.

Chords and Discords

SUNLIGHT ACROSS THE SNOW.
The meadow is a quiet sea, whose song is dead, whose crests are scintillant with light.
Whose billows roll like spirit waves along
The shores of earth—mute, motionless and white.

All voices of the world are still—the air is pure and cold; across the silent snows God's sunlight falls, a benediction fair,
That on the ghostly dews of summer glows!

Within the mantled soil the buds of spring
Are warmly couched; the pregnant valley sleeps,
Secure from winds and winter's icy sting;
And over them the light of morning creeps,
Soothing the world like some paternal hand's caress,
That calms and strengthens with its warmth and tenderness! —IRVIN MATTICK.

We were greatly interested—not to say actually relieved—to learn that both the kaiser and his frau are improving in health and are able again to resume their morning meanderings about the palace of their host. Never can we thoroughly concentrate our mind on our work until we have had at least one bulletin on the former emperor's health.

The Bolshevik chiefs of Russia state that they are desirous of coming to "an understanding with the United States." It's utterly impossible, Lenin, old top. Our powers of comprehension over here are absolutely inadequate.

Who was the local soldier boy, who, on his return, discovered the "fair" correspondent with whom he had exchanged letters was a direct descendant of the African race? GLIB.

We Pass the Buck to O. F. H.
Sir: Since the final appearance of the Chords last October I have been puzzling over that "censored" letter which was signed O. F. H. I would like to have the thing explained if it is still in order to bring up a matter of ancient history.

Having nearly finished opening, reading and sorting the deluge of contributions that followed our notice to contribute to get back into action we now feel at liberty to take sufficient time off for reading what the peace delegates said about Russia today.

Again Our Modesty Prevents Our Tellings.
O. D. K.: I read your modest little explanation of how I happened to win the spelling championship at the Press club meeting with a great deal of interest. BUT, may I ask you if you are such a champ why you left the meeting "just before the spelling contest started?"

We noticed a poem by Eleanor Robbins Wilson and decided to pass it by, but were caught by the catchy title, so reversed our former decision and read it, only to wish we had followed our first hunch.

Trying to Die Clean.
(Youngstown Telegram)
With a view of suicide, Beattie Button, an inmate of the county jail at Youngstown, ate a cake of soap, but it failed to meet the end desired.

To date five different merchants have called to ask if they were the ones referred to as the optimist who sent a statement of account to a private in the army. We told 'em all yes.

Speaking of Improvements.
(San Diego Sun)
FOR RENT—From room to young couple with modern improvements or two gentlemen. Write GG, care paper.

Writing Dr. Evans in the Chicago Trib a querulous individual inquires as to how many shots of anti-fu vaccine are necessary "for comparatively certain immunity."

Reducing the chances to the minimum, as it were.
A woman getting off the car said to Jeff, the motorman: "What's the matter, are you in a hurry?" Jeff's reply was "yes, a woman ran for the car the other day but we had to go on and she missed it just half an hour."

In the Home.
Sir: There is a word bench in our cellar and friend wife was keeping a struggling house plant on it. It was in my way and I kicked, pointing out that the said bench was the only article of furniture in the whole house that I could claim as my own.

"Well," says I, "if you weren't so blamed bossy about that I might let you have other things."
And the strange part of it is that she absolutely refuses to see any point to what, in my judgment, tells me is a pretty fair joke.

X. Y.
In celebrating the kaiser's birthday Jan. 27 a concert is to be held at the exile palace in Holland.
If concerts appeal to Herr Hohenzollern to the same degree they do us we can only view it as a fitting punishment for him.

O. D. K.

Biltmore Oswald

The Diary of a Hapless Recruit

By J. THORNE SMITH, C. B. M., U. S. N. R. F.

Copyright, 1918, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.



"She was greatly delighted with the Y. M. C. A."

April 8—Yesterday mother paid a visit to camp and insisted upon me breaking out my hammock in order for her to see if I had covers enough.

"I can never permit you to sleep in that, my dear," she said, after pounding and prodding it for a few numbers; "never—and I am sure the commander will agree with me after I have explained to him how delicate you have always been."

April 10—I hear that I am going to be put on the mess crew. God pity me, poor wretch! How shall I ever keep my hands from becoming red?

April 12—The price of fags (gee, I'm getting rough) has gone up again. This war is rapidly cramping my style.

April 14—I have been too sick at heart to write up my diary. Eli is dead! "Pop," the Jimmy-legs, found the body and has been promoted to chief master-at-arms. I don't know whether it was because he found Eli or because he runs one of the most modernly managed mess halls in camp because his working parties are always well attended that "Pop" received his appointment, but whatever it was it does my heart good to see a real seagoing old salt receive recognition that is so well merited. However, I was on much more intimate terms with Eli when I was over in probation camp than I was with "Pop." He almost had me in his clutches once for late hammocks, me and eight other poor victims I had led into the trouble, and he had our wheel-barrows all picked out for us, and a nice large pile of sand for us to play with when fate intervened in our behalf.

But with Eli it was different. When I was a homeless rookie he took me in and I fed him—cigar butts—and I'll honestly say that he showed more genuine appreciation than many a flapper I have picked up with costly vials. He was a good root, Eli. Not a refined goat, to be sure, but a good, honest, whole-souled goat just the same. He did his share in policing the grounds, never shirked a cigar end or a bit of paper and amused many a mess hall crowd. He was loyal to his friends, tolerant with new recruits and a credit to the service in general. Considering the environment in which he lived, I think he deported himself with much dignity and moderation. I for one shall miss Eli. Some of the happier memories of my rookie days die with him. He is survived by numerous dogs.

"Mother," I pleaded, "don't you think it is time you were going? I have a private lesson in sale embroidery in ten minutes that I wouldn't miss for the world—the sweetest man teaches it."

"Well, under the circumstances I won't keep you," said mother, "but I'll write to the doctor just the same."

"Yes, do," I urged, "send it care of me so that he'll be sure to get it."

Mother is not a restful creature in camp.

April 9—"Say, there, you with the nose," cried my P. O. company commander today, "are you with us or are you playing a little game of your own?"

I wasn't so very wrong—just the slight difference between port and present arms.

"With you, heart and soul," I replied.

Household Hints

Corn Bread.
Cornmeal and Hominy Bread—One cup cooked hominy, one cup milk, one tablespoon melted fat, one cup white cornmeal, two eggs, one and one-half teaspoons salt. Mix the ingredients and bake thirty minutes in moderate oven.

Rye and Cornmeal Muffins—One and one-half cups rye flour, one-half cup cornmeal, one-half teaspoon salt, four teaspoons baking powder, one tablespoon sugar, three-quarters cup milk and water, one tablespoon fat. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add the liquid, melted fat and beat. Bake in greased tins twenty to thirty-five minutes in moderate oven.

Rice and Cornmeal Muffins—One cup cooked rice, one cup flour (or rye), one teaspoon salt, one cup cornmeal, five teaspoons baking powder, one and one-quarter cups liquid, three tablespoons melted shortening. Mix and sift dry ingredients together, add rice to liquid and combine the two mixtures. Beat and put quickly into hot greased muffin pans. Bake about twenty minutes in a moderately hot oven.

Barley Pone—One cup hot boiled hominy grits, two cups milk, three tablespoons butter substitute, one-half teaspoon salt, one cup barley meal, two teaspoons baking powder, two eggs. Add the milk and butter to the cooked hominy grits. Cool, add salt, barley meal, and baking powder sifted together, then the well beaten eggs. Pour into a buttered dish and bake in a moderate oven forty-five minutes. Cut in triangular pieces and serve from dish in which baked.

Tried Recipes.
Ing, four halves canned peaches, lettuce, one-quarter cup halved and seeded Malaga grapes. Mix together the grapes and coconut and fill the hollows of the peaches. Arrange on lettuce hearts; pour over the dressing.

Honey Salad Dressing—Three tablespoons salad oil, three tablespoons honey. Beat together all frothy; serve at once.

Apple and Coconut Pie—Line a deep plate with pastry, pare and grate apples. Sweeten and flavor with nutmeg. Sprinkle the pastry with shredded coconut, fill with the apple mixture and bake. When almost done sprinkle with coconut and allow to brown slightly.

Menu Hint.
Breakfast.
Oranges, Cereals.
Hashed Brown Potatoes.
Toast and Fruit Butter.
Cocoa.
Luncheon.
Potato Salad.
Ginger Snaps and Apples.
Dinner.
Baked Fillet Skirt Steak.
Browned Potatoes.
Escalloped Cabbage.
Baked Apple Dumplings.
Coffee.

The Roll of Honor

Washington, Jan. 22—The casualty list made public today by the war department has a total of 369 names.

(SECTION ONE)

The following casualties are reported by the commanding general of the American expeditionary forces: Killed in action, 69; died of wounds, 43; died of accident and other causes, 20; missing in action, 20; total, 152.

Killed in Action.

Andrew Bent, Makanda, Ill.
Arthur J. Freague, Kankakee, Ill.
Hermann A. Freund, Hoffman, Ill.
Bonnie L. Jewell, Cornland, Ill.

Died of Wounds.

Arthur McQuaid, Chicago, Ill.
Willis D. Storer, Jr., Chicago, Ill.
Alexander G. Perry, Woodward, Iowa.
Peter Iko, Chicago, Ill.
Bernard McCaffery, Chicago, Ill.
Roy Randolph Richardson, Odell, Ill.

Died from Accident.

Frank Helman, Chicago, Ill.
Thomas F. Stanek, Chicago, Ill.
The following casualties are reported by the commanding general

of the American Expeditionary Forces: Died in aeroplane accident, 3; died of disease, 97; wounded severely, 117. Total, 217.

COOK.
Charles L. Burke, Monroe, Ill.
Archibald Auld, Chicago, Ill.
Victor E. Bloomgren, Chicago.
Elmer F. Burdick, Rockford, Ill.
Ota B. Curry, Champaign, Ill.
James Ford, Chicago.
Carl P. O. Hansen, Battle Creek, Iowa.
Wallace Phillips, Chicago.
Irvine H. Schneider, Chicago.
Clifford Thorpe, Macon, Ill.
Ambrose V. Vanderkrohn, Kewick, Iowa.
Wounded Severely.
Benjamin E. Anderson, Clinton, Ill.

MECHANIC.
William Miller, Chicago.
John Allen, Mt. Prospect, Ill.
Hiri L. Cochran, Seneca, Ill.
James V. Gremban, Dwight, Ill.
Ralph K. Kline, Chicago.
Benjamin Levant, Chicago.
John Makaluskas, Chicago.

HEALTH TALKS BY WILLIAM BRADY M.D.
NOTED PHYSICIAN AND AUTHOR

Birds I Have Studied.
Most members of the human family bear more or less striking resemblance to other birds. Every body has known Walrus Jake and Mrs. Cat and Fred Fox. Members of the evil or crooked sex go in for animal imitations mostly, and members of the gentle or credulous sex adopt as models different species of birds. If my zoology is clear some women make up to resemble Plymouth Rocks. The Plymouth Rock is not so very ornamental, but an indispensable bird. Others are orioles. Occasionally you meet a pheasant along Main street; and far too many chickens that ought to have gone to roost hours before.

It is a woman's duty to look her best, whether she has a husband or not. A woman who had a severe case of eclampsia convulsions at the time of the birth of her first child three years ago is liable to experience the same thing again. She has had blood pressure and urine tested and they are found normal.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Something Good for Complexion.
Please tell me something that would be good and safe to use for my daughter's complexion. She is determined to use something for it.

Answer—Six somersaults night and morning, and four hours out of doors every day.

Eclampsia.
Kindly advise me whether in your opinion a woman who had a severe case of eclampsia convulsions at the time of the birth of her first child three years ago is liable to experience the same thing again. She has had blood pressure and urine tested and they are found normal.

Answer—I am not in position to advance an opinion in the hypothetical case, but as a general rule there would be no reason to fear a recurrence of convulsions in the next parturition.

Weak Explanation.
Our boy, age 4, has trouble in controlling the urine awake and asleep. Is this caused by a weak bladder?

Answer—No, weak bladder never causes such trouble. An examination of the boy by a physician is the best help I can give you.

Heart and Home Problems.
by MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a soldier who has just returned from France. When I was at camp another soldier asked me to write to his cousin. She said she was lonely and wanted to hear from me. I have written her a few lines and she has been very happy. I have learned since that she is sixteen.

In the past months I have learned to love the girl more than anyone I have ever known. But upon my return I find that her parents object to my seeing her. She cares for me. Is it right for them to separate us in this way?

The girl's parents are right in objecting to her having a sweetheart when she is only sixteen. If you drop all references to love for a year or two you may be willing to let your girl call their home occasionally. Later, if your love lasts, you will be free to ask her to marry you.

LOOK AHEAD.
The last rose of summer, that bloomed all alone, inspiring fads to dream and to groan, would better by far have checked out with its mates than to grow old and frowny, the sport of the fate. Oh, why should we languish, or write soulful rhyme o'er things that keep blooming away out of time; or why should we whimper and pull out our hair and frighten the world with our wails of despair? The last rose of summer passed on long ago; but that's no excuse for an accent of woe. For roses will bloom at the call of the spring zephyrs will whisper, the warblers will sing, the blossoms will plash in the woodland and plain, and lovers will stroll along the long, moonlit lane. Why weep for the rose that's been tipped by the blast? Why chase the dead leaves whirled by winds of the past? When the garden is bare and the landscape is gray, let's look on ahead for a happier day. Let's banish the sorrow, the care and the gloom, thinking only of promise, of verdure and bloom.

Brad's Bit O' Verse
The girl's parents are right in objecting to her having a sweetheart when she is only sixteen. If you drop all references to love for a year or two you may be willing to let your girl call their home occasionally. Later, if your love lasts, you will be free to ask her to marry you.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am engaged to a man whom I no longer love. At one time he did everything I wanted to do and gave me all possible attention. I was never without more candy than I could eat and went to the show once or twice a week.

I am not selfish, but when I marry I expect to have a happier life than to stay at home all the time and do nothing but kiss my husband. This boy shows now that he would like nothing better. He thinks he has not me and so he has stopped being candy and I can't get him to stir from the house even to make a call on some friend. He drops in every night and won't go home when I tell him I am tired and want to go to bed.

What would you do in a case like this? I want to love the best so much that I could not bear the thought of losing him, but I cannot love him when he doesn't talk nor do anything but kiss me.

DISAPPOINTED.
You are fortunate to find out the man's real character before marrying him. Break your engagement.

—Clara Bradshaw.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A LITTLE JOURNEY.

By Walter J. Delaney.

"I shall be home by 9 o'clock at the latest, Mildred. This is Marvin's evening, isn't it? So he will keep you company till I come."

"Oh, I shall not be lonesome," spoke Mildred Lane to her mother, who was bound on a day's visit to her sister in a town a few miles distant.

"And don't forget to go over to Russell's and attend to the birds and air out the house well."

The Russells were near neighbors, living in a mansionlike structure just across lots from the humble Lane home. They were absent on a two weeks' pleasure trip and left Mildred and her mother to look after the place while they were away.

The service would be well said for, which meant something to the Lanes, who were restricted in a money way.

Blythe and cheerful, as was usual with her, Mildred tripped across her lawn, singing from sheer happiness as she thought of the young man to whom she was to be married within a year, Marvin Ward. She set herself into the Russell house, opened the doors to wait the west morning breeze through, attended to canaries, and then went upstairs, airing the rooms there. Then with a species of awe and ad-

miration always present during these visits, she entered the boudoir of stately Miss Adele Russell, the acknowledged beauty and social queen of the district.

The room was artistically decorated and furnished. Mildred surveyed herself in the great long mirror, wondering if she would be recognized while in her home town or its vicinity. When she reached the city, however, she removed the veil. It was like treading on air to promenade the principal street. Naturally her grace and beauty, even with the latter marred by cosmetics, attracted attention, and the adulation enticed her. She refreshed herself with soda water and ice cream, she mingled with the ladies of fashion in a leading dry goods store, inspected silks and velvets, looked over the stock of a jewelry store, all the time acting the grand lady and apparently accepted as such.

Mildred followed some seeming ladies of consequence into a stylish restaurant. She dined with a bill of fare, made a languid selection and left the table almost frightened. The bill took the balance of her little savings fund except just enough to pay her fare half way home. On her way to the electric car an insolent, over-dressed young man rudely accosted her, and breathless and affronted Mildred reached the car. Five miles from home she left it with a good long

tramp before her.

It was getting on toward dusk as she reached a lonely path fringing a ravine almost a mile from her home town. At its loneliest part a roughly dressed man stepped directly in her path.

"I want that bracelet on her wrist and wrench it loose. It fell to the ground. He stooped over to recover it. Mildred was country bred and strong. She gave him a push that sent him rolling down a 50-foot incline, seized the bracelet and fled like the wind.

"Oh, never again!" she shuddered, as she restored garb and jewelry to their place in the Russell home.

"And no more of that hideous rouge!" she pledged herself as back in the home kitchen she washed the disfiguring stains from her face.

How cozy and safe the humble cottage seemed. Her soul was singing as she bustled about and prepared the evening meal and put aside a portion for her mother.

Marvin Ward arrived about 8 o'clock. He was wrapped in happiness at his welcome greeting. He was delighted as with new spirit Mildred entered into his modest plans for starting housekeeping. Mildred never explained the reason of her new access of emotion. She had learned her lesson and wished never again to play "the grand lady."